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TWO STUDIES OF ONE SUBJECT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No. I.—IN THE DARK SHADOW.

There hangs a shadow on the face of day,
Dark, chill and faintly luminous with haze,
That robes the Earth in one lugubrious pall.
It hushes cheerfulness, and chokes the voice
Of Hope and Comfort, latent in men's hearts.
It hath no shape defined or palpable;
But o'er the soulless body of the dead
Seems to proclaim in mystic syllables;
The final victory of the greedy grave.

"Wear doleful black! The spirit hath departed.
Weep and lament the soul-subduing gloom;
And slowly, wearily and heavy-hearted,
Consign our brother to the sheltering tomb.
No more, no more, his pleasant smile shall cheer us,
No more his liberal hand shed largess free;
No more his welcome step, approaching near us,
Shall tell of friendly intercourse to be;
No more his words shall bless the little children
That sport and prattle round the cheerful hearth;
No more his honest laugh shall ring responsive
To fan the lambent flame of innocent mirth;
No more his voice shall utter words of gladness
To guide the lost and comfort the forlorn.
Music is hushed in all-pervading sadness,
Eclipsed forever in the light of morn;
The Earth hath claimed him, and the earth worms riot
Over his senseless clay. The spark hath fled.
Peace to his ashes! Let him sleep in quiet,
Till the last trump shall sound to wake the dead,"

No. II.—IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE.

Beside the bier there stands a radiant angel,
Invisible to unbelieving eyes,
But palpable to Hope and Faith and Love.
Clad in white garments, lustrous and resplendent,
She turns her tender eyes in holy rapture
To the clear sky, and points her guiding finger
To the bright sunshine, bathing Earth with glory.
And seems to chant, in tones of adoration,
That pulse like ripples on a sea of silence
In harmonious ecstatic heard in Heaven,
Her song of triumph o'er the conquered graves.

"Robe not your limbs in melancholy blackness,
Nor weep disconsolate. Be bright of cheer;
Think of our brother in the eternal mansions,
Where Sorrow enters not, nor Doubt nor Fear;
Where the undying spirit dwells with God,
Partaker of his essence, heir sublime
Of all the secrets of the Universe,
Blurred and forgotten in the mists of Time;
Where death is dead and life, in perfect fullness,
Climbs up the eternal stair of endless Good,
That leads to Better ever, evermore.
In God's unspeakable Infinitude,
Obstruction knows him not space doth not bind him,
Limit hath no existence; Time in vain
Rolls in its earthly circles to oppress him;
He knows it not, he feels it not again.
He hath inherited the endless Now,
To which the stars are but as grains of dust,
Sprinkled upon the illimitable shore
Of the To BE, the IS, the WAS, the MUST,
That fill the Universe with Life and Love;
Life that is knowledge, Love is delight.
These are his heritage beyond the tomb,
These are his glories in the Infinite.

The Risen Christ.

"Every cradle asks us whence? and every coffin whither?"

So said a distinguished advocate of infidelity, not long ago, the very utterance proving him insincere. If there be in any coffin a question, it signifies that infidelity is but a doubt, instead of an argument; and who shall hang his hopes upon a doubt? If every coffiin does not tell us "There is no beyond," then infidelity is not a denial, but in itself a question, never for any soul to answer.

But out of one tomb an answer came. "If Christ be not risen from the dead," said a disciple, "Then we are of all men the most miserable;" and he was risen? Thomas affirmed that he was. To Thomas the tomb had been a stern denial. No coffin had told *him* whither. No other friend of his going down to death, had hinted of a resurrection from the grave. For all whom Thomas had known, the coffin lid was but a seal of silence evermore when once it closed above them. Do you wonder that he had his doubt and voiced his unbelief?

For bear in mind—what the preacher said this Easter morning—that nowhere in nature or human experience is there proof or promise of the Resurrection of the dead. The leafless tree will bud again, to be sure; the naked plant will robe itself in verdure; the sod will don its greenery, and all of winter's dreariness will smile in the resurrection of spring; but nowhere do you find actual resurrection from death. Life is below, hidden, unseen, undemonstrative, but life.

It takes no new form or force; it simply reasserts itself again in the old fashion, itself the old life ever. Nowhere, in budding tree, or blooming plant, or freshening grass, do you hear an affirmative reply to the question, "If a man die shall he live again?"

And to this question our experience brings no answer, surely, that is kind. Like Thomas, we have never known the dead to wake and walk. All the graves that have yawned before us have shut in our friends forever. Pitiless as fate, they have held captive every prisoner of death, and there has never been a reprieve. Human art, human science, human experience agree with nature when she denies that death makes impossible a resurrection.

Nevertheless, Christ rose. The evidence is clear, it is culminative, it is reasonable, it is accepted because of abundant proof. Thirteen times the savior appeared to his disciples after Resurrection; how could they doubt? "Reach thither thy hand," he said to Thomas, and why should not Thomas believe? "I *am* the resurrection and the life!" could not have been spoken more emphatically than his ascension declared to the world, before the thousands who saw him mount upward into into heaven. That he lived, is admitted of history; that he was crucified to death is nowhere in history denied; that he arose is testified by many witnesses. To the coffin's question, then, Christ is ever a reply—the risen Christ. "If a man die shall he live again?" finds answer in the only pledge, fulfilled and recorded Resurrection.

In the pulpit, as well as anywhere else, the presumption is always against efficiency of anything which costs the producer little.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls upon when alone. This to a great degree, moulds the man.

Respiration and expiration are in their vicissitudes alike; we can draw in air no longer than we send it out. If we return no grace, we receive no grace.

Aaron was gifted with fluent speech, with a personal presence which fitted him to stand unawed in the presence of the all powerful monarchs of Egypt, and with supernatural authority to work stupendous miracles. Moses, was slow of speech, backward, indifferent to pre-eminence. To human observers at the period of Exodus, Aaron, not Moses, must have appeared as the man of the future, destined to win historic fame. But how is it today? Moses, the unselfish, reticent, retiring man stands before the eye of the world as the grand, colossal figure of his times, while "Aaron, the prince and priest," appears like an unsubstantial shadow dimly visible by moonlight. Why is this? Why, indeed, if not that Moses was vastly richer than his brother in those high qualities of mind which breed true greatness, and especially in those spiritual relations, which are the sources of moral granduer in character? He was, "instead of God" to Aaron, to him he was the inspiring, informing soul within and behind." Stanley calls him, "the witness that something more is needed for the guidance of man than high heredetary office or the gift of fluent speech—a rebuke to an age that puts its trust in preachers and speakers." In the presence of this witness, Christ's preachers cannot well refrain from asking more "power from on high;" nor can His churches well refrain from praying Him to be in higher and still higher degree the informing soul of their gifted and eloquent pastors."—*Zion's Herald.*

A High Eulogy.

Higher eulogy could scarcely be pronounced upon a man than is written concerning Robert Swindels, who for forty years was a Wesleyan preacher. Of this man, one who knew him intimately said, "I never knew him to speak a word he did not mean; and he always spoke the truth in love." Such rare sincerity combined with such uniform charity implies an extraordinary degree of likeness to Christ. It is a pity that this virtue of transparent sincerity is not more generally conspicuous in modern Christian character, since nothing saps the confidence of men in each other more than the discovery of mutual insincerity in speech. Happy, indeed, and most surely influential is that man who can say with Paul, "And rejoicing in this, the testimony of our conscience that in simplicity and godly sincerity . . . . we have had our conversation in the world!"

REPORT OF THE SHOEMAKER REUNION.

The second annual reunion of the descendants of John and Catharine Shoemaker, was held on the Old Shoemaker farm, near Lattasburg, Wayne county, Ohio, Sept. 4th, 1884. The day being very pleasant, quite a goodly number of the family with their children, grandchildren and friends were present. Handshakings and happy greetings were indulged in, until we were called to order by the president. The exercises of the day commenced by singing; then prayer by Rev. H. S. Jacobs, an address of welcome by S. F. Shoemaker, of Wooster, the present owner of the Old Farm." Next in order was dinner, there being an abundance of good things for all present. After dinner, the minutes of last year's reunion were read, and a history of the Family given, which consists of nine children, fifty-seven grand-children, and one hundred and eleven great-grand-children, eight great-great-grand children. Also a letter of regret from Rev. P. J. Brown, who could not be present, was read by the secretary, after which, we listened to a speech by John T. Garver, one of the grand-children, who is a successful lawyer of Fremont, Ohio, has twice filled the position of City Solicitor, and twice elected prosecuting attorney of Sandusky county. We will close our report by adding his speech.

SUSAN B. HOMAN, Secretary.

SPEECH OF JOHN T. GARVER, ESQ., AT THE SHOEMAKER REUNION.

The Chairman has taken a little advantage of me, but I am too much of a Shoemaker to find fault or to refuse the performance of a pleasant duty. I know that it is good for us to be here. I see before me, and around me, three generations of grandfather and grandmother Shoemaker's descendants. We are here to-day to look into each others' friendly faces; to engage in earnest hearty handshaking, to exchange kind and cordial greetings, to awaken pleasant recollections, to encourage each other in life's struggles; and, to renew promises of kindred affection, each to the other, for the future. These gentlemen of the clergy, and these kind friends are here to partake of our hospitality, to attest their respect for our ancestors to utter words of congratulations, and to enjoy a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." While we are so pleasantly together, there comes unbidden upon us a feeling of sadness, from which we could not escape, it we would, and would not if we could. It is because our kindred are not all with us now. Some are kept away by sickness, some by long distances, and some by business; but sadder still is the thought that so many of our very dear kindred, whose requiem has been sung, are here to-day only in loving and affectionate memory. We of the second and those of later generations can not conceive of the many scenes which this day—this assemblage,—this occasion—bring on memories wings to the gaze of uncles: Joseph, Isaac, John, Samuel, William, Aunts: Betsy, Susan, Hannah, and mother. Here, all younger than uncle John Shoemaker were born. Here, all spent their happy days of childhood—"the bright growing springtime of existence, the sunniest spot in all the walks of time," Here they grew to manhood and womanhood, and formed characters for honesty, frugality and sincere piety, their crowning virtues of which we have a right to be proud. The old mulberry tree, every ravine, the old spring all speak to them of the past. This was the scene of their courtship, their betrothal, their marriage and their baptism. There have occurred a thousand events, which uncle Joseph Shoemaker could name, which to them makes memorable every acre of this beautiful home farm. We, the grandchildren, remember this place mainly as the home of our grand-parents. Of Grand-father most of us have a distinct recollection. We remember his manly form, his pleasant countenance, and above all his great, kind heart. And then while life lasts that sad accident resulting in his lamented death will always be vividly before us. In this barn have events occurred which are ineffacebly written in the annals of the Church of which our grandfather was a worthy judicious and pious Bishop. In the days of yore at mother's side I learned to know something of the simple unwritten story of grandfather Shoemaker's useful Christian life. But to attempt a narration of that pleasing story would detract from the eloquent family history which our secretary has just read. Of grandmother what need be said; she was *our* grandmother. A kind providence permitted her to remain with us sixteen years longer. What an event it was to us to see her drive "Old Nell" in that old rockaway buggy up the lane, how joyously we met her at the gate, and how sad we were when she went away. Who can forget her love for us all; her loving kindness, her Christian character, her advice and encouragement have made us all stronger men and lovelier women. But with grandfather and grandmother, life's fitful fever is over. Near my father's grave, the dearest spot to me on earth, is their sepulcher, they sleep well, they are to-day in their happy homes above the clouds. It is indeed preeminently fitting that, as the years come and go between the seasons of harvest and seed time, we should hold these reunions. Let all be invited and all urged to attend. If there be in the program anything disturbing the religious sensibilities of any, let such objectionable features in the spirit of love and conciliation be modified or entirely eliminated. But are these reunions wrong. If to honor father and mother be a sin, if to speak of loved ones who have crossed the dark river, be a wrong, and if for kindred to assemble together be a crime, I pray God *not* to deliver me from such evils. May nothing mar the harmony of these reunions, and may I express the hope that "that dark cloud which at first was [illegible] the church of our grandparents has been sundered, may never cast its unholy shadow within the hallowed domain of our family circle. Forgetting sectarianism, partisan politics, and business cares, let us remember only that we are friends and and kindred allied together by the strong ties of blood and marriage. I hope that our worthy secretary will continue her admirable plan of gathering and preserving the facts and data of our family tradition. The Greeks each fifth year met in their Olympian contests for development, enjoyment and history. Let us do better than did the Greeks. Let us meet annually instead of once in five years. Let us chrystalize our traditions into a family history to be written hereafter, and if in that history, impartially written, we the grandchildren, our children and their's shall justly receive as favorable mention as our grandparents and their children deserve we will have done well and in the language of an illustrious American patriot "The world will be better for our having lived in it."

Decision of Character.

The history of religion furnishes us the most noted instances of decision and stability of character of which we have any record in the annals of the world. Such traits in human character are born of a heroic moral courage. Look at Moses who delivered the children of Israel from bondage in Egypt, Joshua, the statesman of spotless character, and the successful leader of God's people, David the king, Elijah and Daniel, prophets, Paul the apostle, all of whom under the most trying circumstances stood true to their principles and their God against great opposition and cruelty. And among the names of these worthies we may well enroll the names of Wycliffe, who gave to England the Bible in the mother tongue, Martin Luther, who gave to the world an open Bible and broke the shackles of free thought, John Bunyan, the hero of Bedford Jail, John Knox, who delivered Scotland from the power of her political and ecclesiastical enemies, John Wesley, the enthusiastic and courageous reformer, Columbus, the discoverer of America, and hosts of others, living and dead, whose names can not so much as be mentioned here. Another example of supreme devotion to principle is found in English history in the case of Hugh Latimer and Nicholas Ridley. They are both brought to the stake together. The faggots are kindled at Ridley's feet. As Latimer saw the dry wood kindling, he turned to his companion and cried out to him in that brave, cheerful voice, which had never uttered a mean or wicked saying, those memorable words which have rung like a watchword through all succeeding ages, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." And it has never been put out. Thus has God in all ages put immense honor on those heroic souls who have stood for the defense of the right and for the overthrow of wrong. As it has been in the past so it will be in the future. The brave shall win. "Dare to do right, dare to be true." —*Religious Telescope.*

The church must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken stair-case, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer; she must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, into the factory with the operator, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the church must press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on all things foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organizid, commissioned and equipped for the moral renovation of the whole world.—*Bishop Simpson.*